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Changefulness.

THE low'ring shadows gently kiss
The ruddy lips of blushing eve,
And, fleeting boast that none their bliss
Can share, but favor'd winds that heave.

The ev'ning star so wondrous bright
His brilliant rays effulgent throws—
Too well I know the Queen of Night
Will soon outshine his radiant glows.

The ruling suns themselves must yield,
With stars that 'round their orbits fly;
And all must leave the heavenly field,
And all descend beneath the sky.

Thus, changeful world, your fairs decline;
And all the charms you fondly hold
With venom'd forces glad combine
To sully hearts as true as gold.

M. BODINE, '05.

A New Phase of Historical Writing.

OF all the branches of human knowledge, none has apparently such perennial interest and received such extensive treatment as history. Especially within recent years has history received unusual attention as the immense output of historical works of all kinds, from the monograph to the encyclopedia of history, abundantly proves. A spirit of deep research and honest inquiry after truth distinguishes the better class of recent historical works, but what is more characteristic of them still is the manner of treatment. Notwithstanding the fact that history is regarded as a branch of literature, productions of late authors would seem to prove that it has virtually stepped out of that sphere and assumed more the nature of an exact science. The historical writer of to-day concerns himself more with facts and data than with scenes, dramatic incidents, and picturesque personalities. He relies not so much on his powers of description and persuasion as upon his ability to sift facts and present them unadorned, but in orderly arrangement and in a convincing light. His aim is rather to instruct than to please. This may be considered a loss to literature, but it is certainly a gain to science and the world at large, and may, therefore, be hailed with satisfaction.

Regardless, however, of this happy turn in the writing of history, it still remains a much disputed question in how far literary art should grace the pages of historical narratives and enter into their composition.

The first writers of history in the English language, if we except the chroniclers of the Middle Ages, we find

during the classical age. Hume, Robertson and Gibbon are numbered among the great men of that period. With them Macaulay, Hallam, Lingard, and even our own Bancroft, may be classed as writers of a similar type. Besides being esteemed as historians of honorable repute, these men enjoyed great literary fame, which is not the case with the authors of a more recent date, at least not in such an eminent degree. Their literary strength, however, is at the same time their weakness. It is felt by the modern reader, whose passion for facts and critical acumen has greatly developed, that the author of the history stands forth too prominently, that there is too much effort at description and argumentation, that a great deal must be accepted upon the *ipse dixit* of the author, whose imagination but too frequently supplies the colors for his pictures. He may have drawn his materials from the documents before him, but his own views are exhibited in formulating the historical narrative. Warmth of feeling, poetical and artistic temperament, and personal sympathy for the subjects treated, prevented him from recording events as they actually occurred.

Though the sincerity of the author be apparent on every page of his book, there remains a distrust in the reader, if the work have a strong personal coloring, as every piece of literature must necessarily have. The reader feels that he gets his knowledge of history second-hand, when he would come as close as possible to the source. He wants less deduction and more facts, less poetry and more truth.

It cannot be denied that a great many of our historians have not been sufficiently objective in presenting history. Some, like Gibbon, have sacrificed much to the graces of style, and more still to their personal

bias. They have intermingled fiction too largely with the facts for the sake of a highly colored narrative or an eloquent plea. The works are rather historical novels than history. To quote Macaulay: "The fictions are so much like the facts, the facts so much like fictions; that, with respect to many most interesting particulars our belief is neither given nor withheld, but remains in an uneasy, interminable state of abeyance."

It is true the historian must also be an artist to do his work the best way. But there is another sort of truth to which he must be loyal besides the truth of art. "Unlike the poets, dramatists and novelists, his chief obligation is to discern between so much of the whole as he knows for certain, and so much as he can only imagine or divine. His imagination must serve, not control. His literary skill must be employed not to add coloring to his narrative, but to elucidate and make it still more intelligible. For the attainment of this end it is certain that the simpler and more natural style is in the long run the more acceptable. A recent writer's observation on this is here of moment: "To select the thing that tells, to reject everything else, to set the telling thing against the background of detail enough and not too much, to lead the reader on from the familiar to the less familiar, to keep up sequence of ideas, to make the reader feel the spirit of the times he is studying, to excite his interest without appealing to his baser motive; above all, to touch him with sympathy for every phase of honest, human effort—this is the function of the literary art as applied to history." And this, we may add, is the distinctive feature which makes the difference between historical productions of later writers and those of an earlier date. The better class of historians of the present day

are men of science, thought and research, rather than word painters; they have written history for its sake—for the sake of truth and the establishment of facts. Imbued with the true spirit of the scientist, no efforts have been spared to secure thoroughness. Searchlights have been directed into every corner and clime, and much that hitherto has been shrouded in obscurity has now been brought to light. From a literary point of view their works are not the brilliant imaginative productions of the classical age of a Macaulay or a Gibbon, but they give a familiar picture of past events. The style employed is in harmony with the subject matter—clear, simple, and exact.

The exactness and accuracy characterizing these works is better understood when we consider that these men have written history, not to increase the world's stock of elegant literature, but for its own sake. Mindful of their task, they disregard fancy and the Muse and cast off as much as possible of their own personality. They understand that in order to be true, their works must be the record of events as they appear from historical documents and not as the author would have them appear. Their productions are expressive of the truth that facts are the brick and mortar, the author the architect.

Among the historians of the newer type there is none that exemplifies this new method of writing history better than Joannes Janssen, and to him, I think, also belongs the honor of having inaugurated it. His "History of the German People," in several volumes, which is now being rendered into English, is accounted a great work on all sides, even by those whose long cherished notions of the past it destroys.

Extensive studies in German history had convinced

Janssen that a large portion of it needed to be rewritten, especially that of the age immediately preceding and following the so-called Reformation. It was a generally accepted view of the non-Catholics of Germany and other countries as well, that the light of knowledge, civilization and faith was all on this side of the Reformation and darkness cimmerian on the other. But how could such a universally accepted view of history be changed? "How must I write my history that it will be impossible for any to contradict me, or refuse to accept the results of my investigation on the ground that I was swayed by prejudice?" And the answer he gave himself was: "I will marshal facts and let them speak with their own native force. With due care in the arrangement of quotations, I can make such a history readable and interesting as well as convincing."

He has succeeded admirably. There was a storm of protest, it is true, when the work appeared, and numerous attacks were made upon it, but they failed to discredit it. It is in a certain sense invulnerable, because it presents a solid phalanx of facts with very little of the personal element mixed with them.

Janssen realizes Bancroft's ideal, which the latter himself never attained, but proposes in the following words: "Care should be taken never unduly to forestall the judgment of the reader, but to have events as they sweep onward to speak their own condemnation or praise."

Janssen lets the reader frame his own conclusions from the facts before him, for they contain their own philosophy. This the reader does without difficulty. No elaborate description, or critical analysis, or eloquent plea of the author could ever equal the effect produced

by the introduction of this mass of contemporary testimony.

It is, however, no small task to group quotations, data, and testimony of every kind into an orderly and connected narrative. It is like a work of art in mosaic. But Janssen is eminently successful. His history has the charm of a novel, at least to a person who has learned to read history for its own sake. It is a wonderful picture of life in the Middle Ages, that lies before us. We seem to live in those times, moving with the people in towns and hamlets, at the court and in the cloister, at home and in the field or workshop. We hear the people speak in their own simple way, discussing affairs of church and state, the prosperity or hardness of the times, and other matters of interest. No phase of public or private life is left untouched. Every fact that throws light on the conditions of those days is adduced, but always in the form of contemporary testimony.

The picture thus produced is wonderfully accurate, pleasing and life like—one that leaves a lasting impression on our mind. Above all, it is true history that is offered us, and not a “travesty upon the truth.” We feel that facts are with Janssen, not the “dross of history,” as Macaulay calls them, but the true metal, to which the author gives an artistic setting. His own remarks are intended solely to aid us in appreciating the significance of the testimony, and if he gives expression to an opinion or conviction of his own, he states it as such, and does not weave it into the narrative in a way that it cannot be disentangled and considered by itself.

It is difficult at the present day to determine in how far Janssen has contributed to bring about this wholesome change in the method of writing history, which

appears in the works of the best historians of the day. We think, however, that his share is no small one. As a recent writer has said: "The spirit of accuracy, of honesty, and of thoroughness it has engendered, has been a contribution of inestimable value to the world." For Catholic historians especially he has set an example which all follow enthusiastically, and with eminent success. Men like Pastor, Weis, Grisar, and other historians of repute owe much to Janssen. He gave a new impetus to the cultivation of the science of history, and showed how to proceed in it. If historians generally follow his example, we may hope that history will become what it ought to be—an accurate and truthful account of the past. Every one that knows what a large share history has in influencing men's thought and in determining questions of religion and science, will indulge in this fond hope.

JOSEPH STEINBRUNNER, '05.



Kitty's Story.

WE had a snug little nest in the big hay-mow. It was very cold outside, and mother would never permit us to leave our cozy retreat. All around us it was very dark. Sometimes the farmer made a great ruffling noise above us, which frightened us so much that we would hide in the farthest corner of the little den.

We had a very good mother. Every time she came home from a trip, she would caress each of us in turn. Once, however, she gave me a slap on the nose with her paw for putting my foot into the milk pan. After a while, when the weather grew warmer, mother grasped our necks tightly with her mouth and gently carried us, one by one, under the old corncrib. Here would we frolic and have great sport, playing "Hide and Seek," "Pussy Wants the Corner," and many other such games. Once in a while, mother would bring us a bird, but birds looked very strange, and we never touched them. On another time would she catch a mouse for us. These we thought to be very fine little animals, and very nice to have as play-things. We tried to bite them, but we never injured them, for mother had instructed us not to hurt anything without cause.

Once we were greatly surprised to see mother crunch a mouse with great haste, swallowing it almost whole, and that in front of our very eyes. When she brought us the next mouse we attempted to do the same, and, to our great surprise, found the meat to taste very sweet. Ever afterwards we ate mice hurriedly,

jealous lest a brother or sister might receive more, and accompanying the repast with a continuous growl. After much practise in quick and cautious creeping, we began to catch mice and other tidbits ourselves and thus appeased our daily increasing hunger.

Now we wanted to go out and hunt for birds and mice, and other game, but at first mother would not let us go further than the barnyard. After awhile she allowed us to take little trips into the garden, but we had to be at home when the sun went down. "Little kittens must go to bed early," she used to say.

At night she would never let us go out. She told us that a big bird would surely catch us, and that the neighbor's dog was just waiting for us to come out. I used to tell her that I was not afraid of that puppy, and that I could see as well by night as by day, but she would not listen.

I can't tell you of all the tricks we played, but we had a good deal of fun. One time, though, I came near losing my life. I was sitting on a pile of lumber ready to catch anything that might appear from under the heaps. I waited, and was on the point of leaving my place, when a big, lusty mink appeared. He sniffed the air, looked from side to side, but failed to spy his enemy. Quickly I prepared to jump, yet hesitated for fear of being unable to cope with such a monster. Still I could not brook the idea to let such a fat fellow escape without even making an attempt to grapple with him. Cautiously I advanced a few steps, then put my hind feet close under my body, thus drawing every muscle tense. With a mighty effort I straightened and launched myself in the air like a shot from a catapult. The next moment I held my victim by the neck, but he shook me off and buried his sharp teeth in my leg. Now be-

gan the greatest struggle of my life. My opponent snarled and bit furiously, and at every attempt that I made to grab him, he would catch some part of my body, tearing away hair, skin and all. Blood flowed in streams; I felt a stinging pain in every part of my body, and was gradually growing weaker. I growled with disappointed rage, and after a pause made another furious charge upon my enemy. I caught his neck, and bit so hard and held so fast that in spite of all his wriggling, I remained on top till he died. Proudly I carried him off, growling louder than ever before.

RICHARD SCHWIETERMAN, '05.



Fanciful Forms.

"Nenn' wie du willst der Stifter unserer Triebe,
Vorsehung, Schicksal, Oberon."

Wieland, *Oberon*, VII, 72.

ON the night of March 13, 1787, in examining the small stars in the neighborhood of *H. Geminorum*, I perceived one that appeared visibly larger than the rest. I compared it to *H. Geminorum* and the small star between Auriga and Gemini, and finding it much larger than either of them, I suspected it to be a comet." —*Sir William Herschel*.

What Herschel thought was a comet proved to be the planet that made him famous. He named it "Georgicum Sidus" in honor of his sovereign, but at the suggestion of the astronomer Bode, of Berlin, the planet was called Uranus; and this name the world ac-

cepted. When Hershel discovered the two outer satellites of the same planet two years later, he named them Oberon and Titania, in memory of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Fifty-six years intervened, when Lassell, having partly verified Hershel's statement as to the existence of more satellites still, and following his precedent, named two more, calling them Ariel and Umbriel. Ariel from Shakespeare's "Tempest," and Umbriel from "Pope's Rape of the Lock."

I have often admired the mythological nomenclature of the heavenly bodies, especially that of the satellites of the different planets; but I wonder if some little messenger from fairyland did not whisper something into Hershel's ear before he named the objects of his discoveries after the "airy nothings" of the great master.

Uranus is attended by the four principal fairy creations of our literature as her guardian spirits. Uranus, the heavens, the clear blue sky, the darkened moonlit firmament, and four of the "tiny sprites" that were the wonder and delight of our childhood readings and musings. Uranus, the planet, accompanied by four simple creatures—Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon.

Lovely Ariel! Blithe, airy spirit! Ariel the loving, flitting, roaming spirit that Shakespeare wrought to serve as the "Deus ex machina" of the *Tempest*. All that we can see of the beautiful in nature, all that we love in the young of God's creatures and in the single-heartedness of the child, we imagine in the nature, in the being of Ariel; the aimless, merry Ariel. He is a spirit, naught "but air," but so well endowed with attributes that we see a form, even if only a "shape," yet it is well defined.

Let us spend a few moments with him. Ariel endears himself to us by his very first entrance in the

drama, and grows in our favor to the end. How cordial his greeting to Prospero when he enters :

"All hail, grave master ! grave sir, hail ! I come,
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,
To dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality."

How could Ariel answer his task without all "his quality?" No, Ariel does nothing in parts; he is always present wholly. To know him we must see him through Prospero's eyes. When he praises him, we praise him; but when he chides him, though we know it is necessary to the attainment of Prospero's good end, yet we would rather not have it because "it gives Ariel pains." How gladly we join Prospero when he praises and approves of his work by those little endearing words: "My Ariel," "My spirit," "My quaint Ariel," "Delicate Ariel," "What, Ariel, my industrious servant Ariel!"

If it is toil and pains for Ariel

"To tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,"

what anguish and pain must it not have caused him when he lay captive, imprisoned in the cleft of the pine, when his "groans did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts of the ever-angry bears." Ariel, in his merri-ness, has forgotten the service that Prospero did him when he freed him from his torments by his "superior magic." He complains to Prospero because there are "more toils." But Prospero chides him with forgetfulness and narrates to him his former pains. Ariel soon shows that his complaints were not malicious, but that

he was only longing for the promised freedom. How grateful and touching is the language with which he begs for pardon and again thanks Prospero:—

“I thank thee, master.

* * * * *

“Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.”

Pros.: “Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.”

Ariel: “That’s my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?”

This gratefulness of Ariel is not for the moment, we can see this from the readiness of the answers he gives Prospero during the whole play, especially when the latter sends him to “bring up a whole corollary of spirits.”

“Before you can say, ‘come’ and ‘go’,
And breathe twice and cry ‘so, so’,
Each one tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? No? ”

This is a child-like riming and language that suits none but Ariel. How sudden is the “Do you love me, master?” and how venturesome the “no.” We answer heartily with Prospero, “Dearly, my delicate Ariel.”

Ariel’s song is Ariel himself. Ariel does nothing by halves. He, himself, is simple; and his song, through which he breathes himself and changes himself into sound, is likewise free and simple, but daintily colored.

Like the breeze in the Eolian harps of old, the song of Ariel flits out on the air "that he drinks before him," without an effort. What should hinder it? There is no earth in Ariel. His music endears him to us most of all; not only because it is beautiful in itself, in its lightness of rhythm, but because it is sung by Ariel. Verily, it is

"Marvelous sweet music."

And no

"Mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes,"

but it is the song of Ariel:

"Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo."

But till now he has been singing with a purpose: when Prospero says, "Quickly, ere long thou shalt be free," he puts his entire self into the

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In the cowslips' bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back do I fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

All that Ariel is, and all that he lives for, he expresses in this one little song; and Prospero expresses our thoughts when he answers:

"Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee:
But thou shalt have freedom, so, so, so"—

Though Ariel is nothing "but air," he has still some feelings that savor of the human. In relating of Gon-

zalo's woe, he says "his feelings would become tender were he human." The manner in which he relates his story to Prospero convinces us that he has "a touch, a feeling" of their afflictions; but he feels it only in his own simple way, lightly and delicately. The very fact that he does feel, endears him to us, and we do not really realize it until Prospero says:

"My Ariel—chick—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!"

Then we have parted, and Ariel disappears as lightly as he came, and we see no more of him.

We seek in vain to place Ariel among the beings we have known. He will not associate with the fairies of our childhood tales, he is more dignified and more personal than they; nor is his nature fine enough to open to him the playgrounds of the heavenly spirits. But there are two little spirits lurking in some hidden nook of human nature, which resemble Ariel. Men have called them Joy and Peace. Ariel is their playfellow, and like the bland spirit of the May air, he calls them forth to his play with his tricky song, and they come out into the open sunshine, and brighten when they see him. Ariel tells them new wisdom, and gives them happy thoughts to carry back to their hiding-places. Yes, "fare thou well, Ariel!" Have thy desired freedom, we will not begrudge thee of it.

Since Shakespeare enticed Ariel away from his "cowslips bells," no poet has succeeded in making him speak again. Pope saw him from afar and painted a picture of him, described an image of him that he saw in a dewdrop. Shakespeare's was the living Ariel, this the work of art; the description of the former, and

beautiful in itself. This Ariel is the prince of the "denizens of the air," who

"to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft to the breeze or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the winds their airy garments flew,
Thin, glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where the light disports in the ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whenever they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by head was Ariel plac'd."

—*Rape of the Lock II.*

This Ariel must guard the fair Belinda against the attack of the "dusky Umbriel." Ariel "does his best, but must give way to the hateful gnome. This is

"Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light."

Umbriel's wings are "sooty pinions" and he is a "hateful gnome." Yet Umbriel is nothing but the Puck among the sylphs. He does his tricks in good-humored fashion, and is glad at the outcome of his trickery.

"Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight."

Now we come to the real fairies, the nursery fairies, the gods of our childhood epics. But in them we have only known the plebians; with them we have conversed and called them by name. They have also told us something about their king and queen and we have received some vague notion of them, too.

A goodly "corollary" it is, over which Titania and Oberon hold sway,—Titania and Oberon, the far-famed rulers of fairy land. Oberon the majestic, and Titania the noble. How truly Shakespeare kept in mind his own saying when he wrote "Midsummer Night's Dream:" "We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our life is rounded off with sleep." The quarrel of Titania and Oberon is so beautifully woven into the delicate texture of fancy and wisdom of the "Midsummer Night's Dream!" That dissension which made

"The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries."

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," says Oberon.

"What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence!" answers the queen of the land of the fairies.

"Tarry! Am I not thy lord?" Oberon exclaims. How quaint is their quarrel. The wrath of Oberon is a strange wrath, it is the wrath of a fairy. He seems to be trying to imitate the passion of human beings when he attempts to speak "death-dealing" words to Titania; and Titania answers him, attempting the same, but more courteously. Two little brothers or sisters will quarrel, but tell them that they do not love each other, and the quarrel is over. The same will happen to Oberon and Titania. Oberon is more majestic than Titania; the masculine power resides in him besides that of the superior magical power as king of the fairies. Puck jests to Oberon, but he can only "make him smile." He knows more and sees more than the other fairies, Titania not excepted, for he is her lord. This we know from his speech with Puck. Titania, too, is above the rest; she tells Bottom:—

"I am a spirit of no common rate,
The summer still doth tend upon my state."

Their speech is always a flow of poetical melody, like that which comes from the pure, simple, uncolored soul of the child. They are not like the common evil workers of the night, which Puck calls

"damned spirits all
That in the cross-ways and floods have burial."

* * * * *

That willfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night."

They are truly what Oberon claims them to be:

"But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have often made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread.
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams."

But Oberon takes pity on the "dotage of his queen" and breaks the spell by applying the antidote by making "Diana's but vanquish Cupid's flower," and he calls upon her to rise.

"Now my Titania; wake you my sweet queen."

How glad is Titania to see her Oberon now that she is "again as she was wont to be." At first she would not give up her "boy of Ind" for the whole fairy kingdom, but now she returns to Oberon with words of real contrition:

"My Oberon! What visions have I seen."

Then they take hands, rejoicing in their new amity. Now they can sing "as light as the birds of the brier, and dance their songs trippingly." We heard long ago,

and it is still lingering in our thoughts that "fairies were the spirits of the birds of the air and the pretty flowers of the meadow, that go about in the moonlight air to sing and play, and that same quaint old man had heard them and wrote their speech for the little ones." Then we wondered when they told us that fairies do not exist, and we believed them. But we still had some lingering notion that they did exist after all; and we began to look for them and found them, to be a

"blessed little race
Peeping upon fancy's face."

They exist in the fancy of the poet. "Wherever is love and loyalty, great purposes and lofty souls, even though in a hovel or mine, there is fairyland." Poets' souls are lofty souls. They execute great purposes, and that fancy that makes them poets must be cruelly restrained from mingling into the tragic phases of their writings; but it must out. The poet must have his recreation also; he relaxes, and then frisky fancy runs off with him to fairyland. Ere this he was constrained to the material truth of things; now he may dwell on things of his own creation, things that fancy tells him; and if they do appear extravagant and wild beings that then issue through his thoughts, we must remember that his is a "lofty soul," which breathes forth untrammelled the pure charity that exists therein.

I. A. WAGNER, '04.



The Conspirators: a Tale of Rubies and Emeralds.

ALPHI, the metropolis of Vansylvia, is the site of the most beautiful consular residences in the world; but the neatest and by far the most attractive is that of the Mexican Consul. At the time of our narrative it was occupied by Senor De Costa. In stature this gentleman was rather diminutive, of goodly proportion, with a massive head, which he carried proudly erect. As he was a member of a race that never believed in inconveniencing themselves by any too great amount of haste, it was not by any means an uncommon sight to see him astride his burro riding down to the river, to meet an incoming vessel. I had known and admired his skill as a diplomat for quite a little time before I received the honor of a personal acquaintance, and I owed that to my old chum, Frank Cummings, who recently came from Yucatan with a message for the Consul.

My acquaintance with the Senor and his wife ripened into a friendship. I found them to be excellent people, genial, hospitable, and refined. Beyond an occasional Spanish idiom, they both used excellent English considering, of course, that they had only two years of practical experience with the language. Our friendship proved a great source of pleasure and instruction to me. An evening at their home was always a thing to be enjoyed. Senor De Costa was inclined to be loquacious, and it did not need much on my part to induce him to speak on the various customs of his country, and, as a natural consequence, to draw parallels between our country and Mexico with the scale rather much inclined to the Mexican side.

Among the many stories he related was one to which great historical importance was attached, and with his permission, I will narrate it. We were all seated in the parlor of De Costa's home one evening, when Mrs. De Costa appeared, wearing the most gorgeous necklace, I believe, I ever saw.

It was composed of thirty-six rubies and a like number of emeralds set alternately an inch apart on a solid gold chain, which I judged to measure some six feet at full length. The size of the jewels was not out of the ordinary, but their number, appearance, and the length of the chain made it a thing of exceptional beauty. It was tastefully arranged in three coils around the lady's neck.

The Consul gazed at the necklace for a few moments, and between the puffs of his cigarette, he began: "Ah, gentlemen, do you see that beautiful necklace? It is what you call an heirloom. My father has it from the old country; it is the cause of some great things. Shall I explain?" We all nodded assent.

"Well, when Mexico had her war with France, my father was captain of a small cruiser that plied between Progreso in Yucutan, and Carmen in the Province of Tabasco. It carried the mail and served as a sort of messenger for the fleet. Now, you are aware that France would have liked very much to win the war and conquer our so beautiful country, and she was not at all scrupulous in the choice of her means.

The main point of attack of the French by sea was Merida, and they had great reason to believe that they could gain the town by repeated onslaught. We put up a great show of defense, and all our forces were put in use. By repeated changes in the position of our batteries we hoped to deceive the enemy as to our actual

number, but somehow they learned our real circumstances, and sent word telling us so.

We were on the point of surrender when our own ships arrived and put the French fleet to flight. In order to prevent any further leakage of our plans, we threw up a line on the Tabasco boundary, and then we were secure.

One day my father was walking along the grand Camino when he heard someone calling, "Ho, Manuel, come here!"

It was the rich jeweler, Fernando Del Tabon, my father's old neighbor.

After inquiring about the state of the war, Fernando wanted to know of my father, whether he was going to Carmen soon. My father said that he was.

"Then," said Fernando, "you will take a package of jewels there for me."

"French ships hold the northern coast of Tabasco, and are liable to come down at any time; therefore, you take a great risk in sending your jewels by me," said my father.

"Ah, indeed, I fear nothing, and I shall make you a present of one of these fine necklaces if you will perform my commission," replied Del Tabon.

So it was agreed that the casket containing the jewels be brought on board the ship, and that my father was to have one of the two necklaces; the first choice, however, falling to Henrico el Vizcaino, the person to whom they were sent. One of the necklaces is here present. The other was a curiosity. It was composed of a silver chain, one hundred and forty-seven inches long, and made up of twenty-one parts, each seven inches long. At the end of each section was a small loop or link, which was locked into the next by means

of a small clasp. Only eleven sections were adorned with jewels, and these were set in the most erratic way. On some of the parts there was only one, and on the others two and three.

Well, my father took them to Carmen safely, and inquired for Vizcaino. He found him in an adobe hut, and this fact surprised my father, for he expected to go to a grand mansion.

Henrico el Vizcaino chose without hesitation the necklace of the silver chain, whereupon my father was almost paralyzed with the fear that he would change his mind. As he left the house, however, he grew suspicious that all was not what it appeared to be, for why should Del Tabon, the wealthiest man in Merida, send such rich jewels to a man so poverty-stricken as Vizcaino; and, furthermore, why should Vizcaino choose the silver chain when he could certainly see that the gold one was more valuable.

With these thoughts in his mind, my father turned back to demand an explanation. Arriving at the home he found that Vizcaino had departed, so he went in, and there on the table lay an oblong board. On this board were painted six hundred and seventy-six smaller oblongs, the whole resembling a checker board. At the end of each line was a small peg, over which the links of the different parts of the necklace were thrown. My father returned to the ship very much puzzled. Just as he was ready to sail, Vizcaino came down and told him that he had received the wrong necklace, and while saying this he handed my father the casket.

When the ship was well out at sea, my father opened the casket, and lo! the chain had changed marvelously. It was still composed of twenty-one parts, but each part had jewels on it.

My father procured such a board as he had seen in Vizcaino's house, and placed the chains upon it. He pondered over it for a long time, trying to get a solution to the mystery, and had almost given it up, when, suddenly it occurred to him that if the double consonants *ch* and *ll* were added, the alphabet would be composed of twenty-six letters, the exact number of oblong patches on the board. After that it was plain sailing, and this was the way it was solved: The sections of the necklace were of just such length that they would exactly reach from peg to peg, and wherever a letter was needed to supply a word, a jewel was fixed on the chain in such a way that it fell directly over the oblong which represented the needed letter. The message read thus:

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*****F *****L *****
****EE*****T **W***
*****I**LL *****
A*****R*****
*****I*****V ****
****E *****
A*****T*****
*****F *****
A*****R*****
****E*****NO *****
*****S*U****
*B*****J *****
****E *****
**C*****T*****
*****T*****
*****O*****
*****Y*
*****O****U ****
*****R*****
*****O* R*****
***DE*****R*****

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"The fleet will arrive at Fareno, subject to your order." Well, gentlemen, there is no necessity for

speaking further, for you know from history the result of that war. But I may add that the French fleet never went to Farenó, because Del Tabón had the pleasure of viewing life, together with his worthy friend, Henrico el Vizcaino, from behind prison-bars. The Mexican government is now in possession of the silver chain, and my government, as you see, is the possessor of the gold chain.

E. J. PRYOR, '06.



Aristides.

"Oh, men of Athens, be but fair and hear my justice cry!
Did ever Greek deserve the shell that served his land as I?
I've fought you battles, bled for Greece,
And came home stain'd with gore;
Yet, now you say, to serve the peace,
You send me from my door.

Oh, shame on Athens' honor, oh, shame on Athens' fame—
To send a man away from home for Themistocles foul claim.
Has Marathon now fled thine eyes?
Is Grecian faith forgot?
Oh, ye who should your victor prize,
Alas! this fate allot.

I ask no pity from the crowd, nor seek my fate to shirk,
But Hellas is my fatherland, and Athens gave me birth.
Therefore it is my justest right,
That I should pine to stay
Within those walls from out whose sight,
I'm ruthless cast away.

Farewell, then, Athens, land so great, where years of toil I've
spent.

Farewell, I leave thee now to go; oh, may you soon repent!
May heaven grant you no decrease
Through this most unjust deed,
And when dread war disturbs your peace,
Call me in hour of need."

LAWRENCE D. MONAHAN, '05.

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Editorials.

*Exam-
inations.*

With the return of the students after the Christmas holidays, work has been resumed with more than the usual vim and zest. Perhaps the approaching examinations are casting their warning shadows over the students' desks, and to these we ascribe this unusual energy and willingness to study. And properly so. The examinations are milestones on the student's road to success, by which he

notes his progress or retrogression, and hence, earnest preparation should characterize their approach. May success attend your efforts, fellow-students.



Père Marquette. We claim to be a Christian country. Our government boasts its non-sectarianism. Yet the newly-appointed chaplain who prays over "the greatest legislative body of the world", Dr. Everet Hale, is a disciple of Unitarianism who denies the divinity of Christ. When a petition for the erection of a statue of our most noted and noblest of pioneers, Père Marquette, was presented to Congress, it at once called forth a series of objections and stupid arguments which ended in the rejection of the petition. Strange inconsistency, this! Dr. Hale is surely a good man, but so was Père Marquette. That he was one of our greatest explorers, and a grand figure in our history, no one will deny. He is deserving of the monument which the State of Wisconsin offered to erect to his memory, and only bigotry withholds it.



Needed Legislation. It was sadly interesting to note with what frightful calamities the new year was ushered in upon the world. Appalling catastrophes, caused by fire and the usual "unavoidable" railroad wrecks, built up the ghastly pyre of human victims which horrified the world. Proper and even extreme care and precaution is now being taken towards lessening, and, if possible, totally eliminating the danger from unsafe theaters and playhouses. Yet in regard to the avoidance of train wrecks and collisions, little, if anything, has been done. If the expenditure given to the rearing up of costly and palatial rolling death-

messengers were reduced and set aside for the protection of passengers—to the building of a second track, much, if not all the danger, would be obviated. Why this is not attended to by government officials themselves, is very mysterious, and difficult to understand. Its strong advisability, however, is none the less important, and the people should clamor and appeal directly to the chief executive to urge legislation towards this end. Strikes in this direction would meet with hearty approval, and perhaps force the passage of this eminently timely and beneficial resolution.



Socialism. To many people, and even to those of education, the question of socialism is, if known at all, very obscure and perplexing. We are happy to state that we are now offered the opportunity of becoming—we may not say, thoroughly, but adequately acquainted with this intricate issue which is forcing itself prominently to the front. The science of political economy is not a branch proper in the curriculum of the college. In consideration, however, of the fact that it is a science which engages general attention at present, a course of readings and lectures has been instituted for the senior class, who, it need not be said, thoroughly appreciate the value of this practical study. The lectures are given by our professor of philosophy, and are designed to acquaint the student at least with the principles upon which the falsity and impracticability of socialism is grounded. Some hold that this is a profitless study, and that such errors and excrescences should be left to the worthier steel of enlightened minds, or that these theories will eventually perish on account of their own foolishness or impracticability. If they were no more than so-called

fads, we would grant them right. But theories and ideas that have been upheld for years and are spreading rapidly, do not seem to us to come under this category. We think this a declaration of weak minds. If such a proposition had been propounded to Lambert, the able and persistent opponent of the infidel Ingersoll, he would have been met with a reply characteristic of the man.

Socialism is destined to fail, but it may do much harm before passing away, and it would probably die a premature death if its pernicious principles were more generally understood.



*Pius X.
and
Church Music.* The latest encyclical of Pope Pius X. on the Reform of Church Music is, in every sense, a notable document, because of the insight which it affords into the character and mind of the new pope, and for the effect which it is likely to have on sacred music. For this, and also because it is severer in tone than any heretofore issued by a Roman Pontiff, it will create much discussion.

The quality of the music to be used at divine service has always been a subject of controversy, but while there was much difference of opinion with regard to the fitness or unfitness of certain compositions for use in church, it was generally admitted that there is such a thing as trashy and improper so-called church music, and a good deal of it.

The letter of the pope is a luminous exposition of the nature and requirements of sacred music, and very explicit in its enactments. We may therefore hope that it will bring about a change for the better.

*Shakespeare
Study.*

It is thought by some that college journals should cease to publish essays on Shakespeare. So much has been written about him and his works already, they say, that it would be a relief to the reader if articles about Shakespeare were eliminated.

While it is true that we have been treated to a great deal about Shakespeare, it does not follow that we should neglect him entirely. An occasional article, we are sure, will be welcomed by our readers, provided that it is thoroughly original—the result of the author's own study, and not a mere amplification of critical notes which are so plentiful concerning the great dramatist.

Shakespeare seems to present exhaustless matter for treatment. All nature, and all mankind are his objects—and these are inexhaustible. It is yet possible, therefore, to write thousands of interesting and instructive articles that deal with the man and his works.

We commend the writing of articles about Shakespeare for a twofold purpose: it shows with what result the writer has studied—and this is one reason why students publish anything at all,—to show the result of their work—and it encourages the further study of him.

Of this encouragement there can never be too much. Shakespeare must ever remain the main basis of studies in English literature. As Mr. C. G. Griffith, the eminent Shakespearean reader and teacher of elocution of Chicago said in a lecture to his class: "The importance of thoroughly educating college graduates in this greatest English author cannot easily be overestimated. It is a mental and psychological enlargement which no other single work, and not every library can bestow. In the exhaustless galleries of beauty, humor, pathos, passion and power, through which the young mind is there conducted, a robust, manly taste may be

generated, that in after life will be sure to rebel against a literature which tends to degenerate from feminine grace into ineffeminate insipidity."

It is not necessary for us to call attention to the results obtained from the study of Shakespeare—the knowledge of human nature, the training in expression, and the general culture that it affords—but we may be permitted to remark that students show as a rule no predilection for this study, and that most of us would graduate without an adequate knowledge of the greatest of dramatists, unless we were urged on and encouraged in this study. For this reason alone, if for no other, we shall continue to publish articles on Shakespeare.



Exchanges.

AN attractive journal, which savors strongly of the land of its birth, is the *School Echo* (San Francisco). Judging from the articles, we would say that the fine arts are diligently courted by the staff. All the articles evince good talent, but there is too much of the "to be continued." The exchange department is very ably conducted. We are pleased to find an article in German in the last two issues. We notice that the number of journals which publish essays and poems in other languages than English is constantly growing. And this is right. A paper published by students who cultivate several ancient and modern tongues, may certainly contain an occasional contribution in one or other of these languages.

The Christmas issue of *The Dial* is, in the language of a slangy freshman, a "swell number." All the stories

evinced talent, and show that their authors have an idea, at least, of what a short story should be. The plot and its unraveling in "The Foiling of the Sergeant," make it, to our way of thinking, the best of the articles. The sketch entitled "A Ranger's Christmas," is also an excellent piece of composition. While not wishing to discourage story writing, we think that another essay in *The Dial* of last month would not be out of place. The one essay is lost amid so much fiction.

A journal to which one can always turn with the certainty of finding well-written essays is *The Holy Ghost Bulletin*. It has a literary flavor about it that appeals not less to the casual than to the attentive reader. The writer of "Christmas in Brittany" has woven the fairy-tales and legends of the Bretons into an article of no little merit. "The Garden of the Soul" is an allegory which cannot fail to please even the most fastidious. Poetry is not allotted sufficient space in the *Bulletin*, and fiction, too, receives scant recognition.

An ever-pleasant and faithful companion—one, too, who can always be relied upon for something good—is *The Mountaineer*. "The New New England", in the December number, is too grand a subject to be handled with justice in an essay of two pages. "The Footsteps of the Siva" contains an element of the mystic that is highly enjoyable. "Eileen Connor's Vision" is a neat piece of fiction, and coming, as it does, from the pen of an '07, is especially commendable. Verse is somewhat neglected. Surely the muses have some favorite nook within the ancient walls, whence a gentle and persistent wooing will bring them forth.

It gives us pleasure to note the high degree of excellence to which *The S. M. I. Exponent* has attained during the short period of its existence. Clever bits of

verse and fiction make the Christmas number one of the best papers on our table. Despite the poor title, "Why He Does not Believe in Spirits" is a charming story. "No. 666" moves along with a refreshing touch of originality. The numerous illustrations merit more than a mere mention. This is a feature of *The Exponent* which has been brought to a surprising degree of perfection. The evident fairness of the ex-man deserves commendation.

"The Golden Age of Roman Literature", in the *St. Mary's Sentinel*, is certainly a grand and inspiring subject, but which, we think, the author failed to show as such. His sentences are loosely constructed and are of such a length that they make difficult reading. The gentleman is rather extravagant in his praise of "Virgil's Aeneid". "Christmas Dream" is a collection of youthful reminiscences, worked up into an entertaining composition. "The Birth of Christ" contains some beautiful thoughts, couched in pleasing language. All the articles exhibit some talent which, if properly developed, would make these gentlemen good writers.

R. J. HALPIN, '05.



Societies.

ON Tuesday evening, December 22, the Columbian Literary Society again entertained an audience in the Auditorium, and a lively audience it was that had already caught the "spirit of Christmas". The program was well up to the standard of the Society's work, but perhaps not quite so well rendered as some had expected. The program was lively in its general

bearing, but still interspersed with a few good dashes of the serious.

1. Band, "Adeste Fidelis," with Baritone and Clarinet variations.
2. Recitation, "Galberto's Victory"M. Ehleringer
3. Declamatory Essay, "Newman".....C. Frericks
4. Recitation, "Stage-Struck Hero".....M. Shea
5. Selection from Dickens, "Christmas Carol"..W. Meiering
6. Band, selection.
7. One-act Comedy, "The Last Coat."

CASTE.

Wolfgang Goethe	F. Michaely
Richard Wagner	J. Seimetz
Thomas Dana	J. O'Donnell
Isaac, "What bays the best brize in de beezness".....	F. May
Landlord	J. McCarthy

The selections were all well delivered, but one or the other could have been improved by better memorizing, which would have insured more ease in delivery. Mr. Ehleringer's delivery was not as effective as we expected, but this was mainly due to hoarseness of voice which discomfited him. Mr. Frericks' essay on Cardinal Newman was a masterly compilation, exposing the main traits of the great man's mind, as also describing his style and the worth of his literary work. Mr. Shea's recitation was well received; Mr. Meiering's was earnest but lacking somewhat in the ease which comes only with practise. The comedy was very entertaining. The different parts were well rendered, especially those of Mr. Seimetz and Mr. May, the latter exaggerating the traits of the Jewish character very nicely.

The work of the Columbians during the past session is certainly deserving of a great deal of praise. Never before have they so strictly adhered to the rule of holding semi-monthly meetings and rendering fortnightly

programs. Every member played an active part in the society's affairs, all working in harmony, mindful of the saying "In union there is strength". The meetings have been conducted with strict adherence to parliamentary law, all errors receiving timely correction from their instructor, Mr. Honan. Their programs, too, have held an unusually high standard, reflecting honor upon each individual. A good beginning was made by the participants on the first program, and the standard thus set up was faithfully maintained throughout the year. Some students, however, followed a procrastinating policy in preparing their parts, thereby overburdening Father Arnold, their director, with work on the days preceding the program, and making adequate preparation more difficult for themselves.

Owing to the Semi-annuals and the Retreat, the work of the Columbians will be somewhat interrupted. These over, we expect them to continue it with renewed zeal. On Washington's birthday they will again appear in public.

The characters for "King Saul" have been again selected. On account of unforeseen circumstances the drama could not be delivered last June. But the efforts of the Columbians are not so easily frustrated. They expect to render "King Saul" on St. Joseph's day, or during the week following Easter. Though we have some eight or more weeks to prepare and practice, the time is none too long, when the weight of the drama is considered. Let every one enter enthusiastically into the work and do all in his power to make "King Saul" a grand success.

St. S. S. To our regret we have hitherto neglected to make mention of the St. Stanislaus Society or the altar boys. Though all the students serve at Holy Mass

in turn, ten of the juniors have been chosen in particular to serve on Sundays and holy days. Fitzgerald and Howe act as censer bearers. The other servers are: Messrs. M. Lang, G. Meier, E. Neumeier, L. Ohleyer, L. Sulzer, J. Boland, E. Haub, T. Sacconi and L. Scohy. It is a delight to note the willing spirit the boys show in serving the priest at the altar. Rev. Simon Kuhnmuench, as director and instructor, takes great pains in drilling the boys, for which he deserves their thanks. On the feast of St. Stanislaus all served at Highmass. In the evening Father Simon treated his boys to an oyster supper, and all reported a jolly time.

Jos. S., '04.



Personals.

Since our last issue the following visited St. Joseph's: Very Rev. Boniface Russ, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O.; Very Rev. Henry Drees, C. PP. S., Maria Stein, O.; Rev. Frank Janssen, Frankfort, Ind.; Father Laycock, the well-known missionary, and Mr. A. Hasser, Fowler, Ind. The joy of the holidays was increased for several students by the presence of their relatives: Mrs. Anna Knapke, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knapke, of Cranberry Prairie, O.; Mr. August Wein-kauf, Mrs. Julia Coffeen and her son Frank, of Mishawaka, Ind.



St. Sebastian.

IT has been the custom for many years past for the St. Xavier students to render a play or some other entertainment during the Christmas holidays. This year they made a rather bold attempt at the German play "Sebastian", but under the skilful and experienced management of P. Clemens, it was, to say the least, a very creditable performance. Every player impersonated his part well. Many of the minor actors were both new to acting and to the language, and consequently many small faults appeared, but they played before a thoroughly appreciative audience, which overlooked these mistakes with good will. Pre-eminently the best actor of the evening was not as it had been expected to be, the star role, but H. Fehrenbach. But he is a veteran of histrionic art in Collegeville, and though he was required to impersonate two different characters, he did them full justice. As Maximian, however, a little disguise in the tone of voice would have helped materially to undeceive the audience, who imagined the revengeful Corvinus to be suddenly elevated to the dignity of emperor.

M. Ehleringer, in the star role, was the ablest for the part. When we remember William Arnold as the Sebastian of the English play, we could not help wishing to see a good half foot added to Mr. Ehleringer's height. His impersonation of the courageous tribune in the emperor's court, and the humble Christian before the pope in the catacombs showed fine discrimination and deep feeling. A little hesitation in his lines was often noticeable.

Mr. I. Wagner, as Fulvius, played up to his usual standard. The applause given by the audience to his several monologues, though of a villainous character, showed their appreciation of his clever acting.

We were charmed with the freshness and youthfulness of H. Grube in the character of Pancratius. He was the most distinct speaker on the stage that evening. Messrs. Frericks, Rath, Scheidler and Wachendorfer received much praise for their able acting and the thorough knowledge of their lines. M. Schwieterman and M. Helmig kept the audience in a roar with their easy and exquisite drollery. The tableau, however, was a poor attempt at sublimity. The music required in the play was furnished by Father Justin. The cast follows :

Sebastian, Tribune of the Imperial Guard.....	M. Ehleringer
Pancratius, a young Christian.....	H. Grube
Maximian, Emperor of Rome	H. Fehrenbach
Pope	C. Frericks
Polycarp, priest	F. Wachendorfer
Fulvius	} Pagans
Corvinus	
Tarcisius, acolyte	B. Condon
Chromatius	} Christians. {
Nicostratus	
Tiburtius	
Torquatus	
Severus	
Silvanus	
Hyphax, Numedian ... }	} Soldiers. {
Arminius	

F. D., '04.

Athletics.

WITH the change of the season for out-door athletics comes the usual "rusticating", as it were.

The student's craving for out-door air and the grassy campus cannot be satisfied with the confinement of in-door sports. Still, there is no reason whatsoever, why the snow should prevent a number of hearty students from enjoying an exciting game of basket-ball or in-door base ball. During the month of December, basket-ball, it is to be feared, was worn out. The game was played so much at random, and since there were no definite dates to rely upon, the interest in such a worthy game sadly decreased.

The skating thus far has been so poor, and the snow so heavy, that hockey is practically impossible. Not to this cause alone do we adduce the decrease of interest in winter's best sport, but to the lethargy that is so inherent in the students since winter first proclaimed his presence.

Until we get our new gymnasium, we'll make the best of the facilities which we have. We can have some real fun if we pull together, and overcome that lethargy which seems to be in our bones. Come on, fellows, "whoop 'er-up". Let us see what we can accomplish with good will and hearty co-operation.

The only rooms that are much resorted to are the pool and billiard halls and the card rooms. Here one may find at every free hour a band of enthusiasts, faithful followers of their favorite games. "Pit" has awakened a lively interest in the R. S. C., and the babel of one, two, three, can be heard all through the house.

We feel like discussing the benefits, nay the necessity, for students of taking an intended walk every day; but we will refrain. *Sapienti sat!* D. L. M., '06.

With Publishers.

St. Cuthbert's, by Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J., which we announced in a former issue, is an attractive and interesting story which will certainly please its readers. The scene is laid at St. Cuthbert's, a college conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The principal characters of this story are: Frank Stapleton, a model student, who is as deeply interested in his studies as in the sports of the campus; Hassard Hunter, a friend and classmate of Frank, and Rob Jones, whose beginning at College was on the downward course. Jones, who was at first the bitter enemy of Stapleton and Hunter, later on, at nearly the cost of his life, reformed and became the stanch friend of these boys.

The story is interesting throughout and becomes rather exciting at different points, but especially in the first chapter, where it treats of the Haunted Mill, and also towards the close of the story where the boys, as guests of Mr. Bracebridge, concluded to spend a night at Helen Island, a summer resort of the Bracebridges, where they are attacked by a band of Indians. The story abounds in adventures and risks of boys, and makes one who has traveled that path long for its return. Benziger Bros., Cincinnati. Price, 85 cents.

C. F., '07.

Hearts of Gold, by I. Edhor, Benziger Bros., New York price, \$1.25.

Hearts of Gold, although a love story, has a plot which is a departure from the general run of such stories. The story is well told, and Mr. Edhor has beautified it by several good scenic descriptions. The book also contains a number of full-page illustrations.

The scene of the story is laid among the forests of Silesia, whither Ruth Walden, the heroine of the story, goes in quest of health. The author then relates her varied experiences, which are told in such a way that the reader admires and sympathizes with the characters, some of which, however, seem to me rather improbable. With the exception of some parts, the book is interesting and instructive and will be read with genuine pleasure. M. S., '06.

Socialism, *The Nation of Fatherless Children*, by David Goldstein. Union News League, Boston. Price, 50 cents.

But a few years ago this book, and any other similar book, would have been useless, for there were as yet no socialists. Socialism, so powerful on the European continent, was thought to be an impossibility within the confines of the United States. But the last campaign, giving to Debs and other socialistic candidates nearly half a million votes, and the election of several socialist representatives and aldermen in state and city governments, has taught us that we, too, must take up the cudgel against this terrible intruder. But too many of us are still of the opinion of Mr. W. J. Bryan, who at the time of the murder of McKinley at the hands of an anarchist exclaimed in astonishment: "How is it possible for anarchism to exist in this fair land of ours". Yet anarchy and socialism are brothers. The majority appear to be still ignorant of this fact. They still think that socialism is but an economic theory. One meets with excellent men at times, Catholics even, who do not hesitate to call themselves socialists. They happen to be one with the socialists in the advocacy of some economic reforms, which are, perhaps, just and necessary, such as government control of some branches of

public industry, etc., forgetting that socialism as a system is fundamentally wrong, and subversive of social and moral order. To them the book in question is to be highly recommended. Its object is, above all, to exhibit the terrible fact that socialism favors what is known as "free love". Many there are, even in the socialistic camp, who will deny that this doctrine is essential to socialism, or try to shove the responsibility for it on a few foreign authors, such as Bebel & Co., maintaining that it is not essential to American Socialism. The author, by quotation from purely English sources, shows that this assertion is a lie.

But he does not constrain himself within the narrow limits of this issue. The introductory chapters go to prove with absolute certainty that Socialism is not only a false economic philosophy, but that it is "atheism" pure and simple. That, and how this is hidden from the masses, is exhibited in an extra chapter, "Socialist Tactics".

The quotations are mostly from socialistic papers or pamphlets and treatises of men of highest authority within the socialist rank and file, and are, therefore, an authority of highest value.

Simultaneously, it is rich in apologetical matter, for which we would recommend it especially to the controversialist. The author, himself a socialistic agitator for eight years, is perfectly conversant with his subject, as we might expect of him.

Of course the title already indicates that it is not a book for the young. The author handles the subject with the greatest modesty, yet the quotations from the opposite camp, the character sketches of Eleanor Marx Aveling and D. Herron are not fitting subjects for youthful minds.

But the rest of the book cannot be too highly recommended. Whosoever wants to get a thorough notion of Socialism with special reference to America should not fail to read it.

For a second edition we would recommend a correction of the German names, as of, for instance, Babel, which ought to be Bebel; Leibknecht for Liebknecht, etc.

PROFESSOR.



Happenings.

"Be careful, youngsters"; words domineeringly used by the President of the A. L. S. in his reprimand to several of his subjects.

Terrence: "Why don't people invent a flying-machine?"

Paul: "Ha! ha! ha! Some people are flying too high enough already. They need hold-down machines."

Professor in literature, discussing a great poet, gave him credit for tossing aside all his productions as he completed his 'teens. This advice can also be applied to several of "our" great poets (?).

Moral: "Give flowers to the living."

The acrobats are strict economists of time and labor. They are now saving footwear by running with bare feet in the snow every night.

The pallid moon stealthily stretched forth her long, measly arms through a crevice in the shutters and gently laid her hand over Vic's mouth, and his vociferous snoring stopped with a gurgle. When he awoke, he muttered: "My, I feel weak, 'pears that snoring is possessed of strong digestive faculties over jam."

Ivo: "Say, Herman, who was the first farmer of the New Testament?"

Herman: "That's very easily answered. It was Julius Agricola's grandmother. Her parents died one year before the birth of Christ."

Oleyer to Gallagher: "What would be the result of putting a half-circle over a 'u'."

Gallagher: "Well, I suppose you have reference to an eye-brow."

Ivo began to walk down the stair-case leading from the southside dormitory when Emil called him, saying: "Wait, I'll go with you." Just then the company of two was joined by a *third*, who said:

"Two good things will never do,
But joined with a third are always true."

Karl Mai is a strenuous advocate of evolution. He proceeds thus:

"Risty Rusty
Everrusty, Everristy,
Old Bird, Oldbirdswing.
Everistus Olberding.
He has at length arrived at
Rusty Otherthing."

Bernard and Walter playing checkers:

Bernard: "Whose move is it?"

Walter: "It's your move."

Bernard: "I can't believe you, I took the last move."

Walter: "Take it again. I moved my king when you were not looking."

Bernard: "Let's settle this by both moving at once."

The supper-bell rang and they both moved.

A new Tale from Dickens:

"Nicholas Nickleby" and "Our Mutual Friend", "David Copperfield", had "Great Expectations" of what "Oliver Twist" would accomplish in the office of "Dombey & Son". But on account of the "Hard

Times" which arose through "The Mystery of Edwin Drood", they were forced to direct their way to "Barnaby Rudge", the proprietor of "The Old Curiosity Shop", who, being an "Uncommercial Traveler", was competent to relate a "Tale of Two Cities", but they were disturbed by the chirp of "The Cricket on the Hearth" and by the tick of "Master Humphreys' Clock", which was given to "Little Dorrit" by "Martin Chuzzlewit", and being thus reminded of that "Holiday Romance", they departed.

The peaceful quietude and balmy atmosphere of the dormitory was disturbed by the pleasant (?) ding-a-ling-ding of the prefect's bell. O'Connor, with a somniferous grin, which thawed a half inch of ice off the window-pane, and picking the nightly shutters from his beholders, thoughtfully gasped: "By golly! I didn't sleep a wink last night; so I didn't." This oft-repeated assertion has gained for O'Connor the title of "The Man that Never Sleeps". Nearly opposite him in the same room, in tranquil innocence, nestles O'Donnell. So deep is John's repose that he actually forgets at times to recall his wits into operation when he is once in his dormiental posture. Our mind was greatly cudgeled by these obfustications until lately, when we received an explanation on these interesting topics.

The state of affairs troubles Maurice so much that he ponders over the matter day and night. O'Donnell's constitution being slightly perforated with delicacy, muses the question all day, and as a consequence of so much unwonted exertion, is obliged to recuperate through the dark hours. Hence, in order to "eschew the hurry" we would advise "Smiles" to obtain identification checks in the future, as mite and worthless parcels are liable to be mislaid.

Honorary Mention.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

95-100 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, B. Quell, R. Halpin, A. Schaefer, F. Wachen-
dorfer, A. Scheidler, W. Scheidler, R. Schwietermann, E.
Pryor, M. Shea, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, V. Meagher,
J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N.
Allgeier, C. Boeke, C. Fischer, F. Gnibba, N. Keller, J. Mc-
Carthy, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis,
F. Kocks, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, J. Costello,
E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, P. Wiese, B. Condon, J. Boland,
H. Fuertges, J. Grimmer, E. Hasser, L. Hildebrand, L. Kaib,
A. Michaely, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, N. Weinkauf, W.
Coffeen, J. Bultinck, A. Feehan, U. Reitz, J. Ramp, B. Hoerst-
man, H. Dahlinghaus, F. Moormann, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser,
B. Schmitz, J. Von der Haar, H. Fries, P. Gase, J. Donohue.

90-95 PER CENT.

I. Wagner, F. Didier, M. O'Connor, J. Sullivan, D. Fitz-
gerald, E. Freiburger, E. Vurpillat, E. Howe, M. Lang, G.
Meier, P. Peiffer, J. Seimetz, E. Haab, T. Coyne, W. Lieser,
W. Meiering, J. Saccone, M. Bryan, E. Mauntel, G. Ohleyer,
D. Senefeld, L. Sulzer, J. Weber, P. Caesar.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

I. Wagner, J. Steinbrunner, R. Halpin, M. Bodine, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwietermann, L. Monahan, M. O'Connor, E. Pryor, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, E. Freiburger, I. Collins, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, J. Seimetz, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, B. Condon, J. Boland, J. Grimmer, E. Hasser, L. Kaib, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, A. Teehan, B. Hoerstman, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, F. Moormann, L. Huelsman, J. Von der Haar, H. Fries, P. Gase, J. Donohue.

84-90 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, F. Didier, B. Quell, W. Scheidler, V. Meagher, R. Rath, C. Fischer, F. Gribba, J. O'Donnell, O. Hentges, F. Kocks, E. Howe, A. Scherrieb, H. Fuertges, E. Haab, A. Michaely, N. Weinhauf, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, E. Spornhauer, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, J. Ramp, H. Dahlinghaus, J. Lieser, B. Schmitz, J. Saccone, M. Bryan, E. Mauntel, G. Ohleyer.



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